Prin. Well, heere is my legge.

Fal. And heere is my ſpeech: ſtand aſide Nobilitie.

Ho. O Ieſu, this is excellent ſport, yfaith.

Fal. Weepe not ſweet Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.

Ho. O the father, how he holds his countenance?

Fal For Gods ſake Lords, conuey my truſtfull Queene: For teares do ſtop the floud-gates of her eies.

Ho. O Ieſu, hee doth it as like one of theſe harlotry Players, as euer I ſee.

Fal. Peace good Pint-pot, peace good tickle braine. *Harry*, I doe not onely maruell where thou ſpendeſt thy time, but alſo, how thou art accompanyed: For though the Cammomile, the more it is troden, the faſter it growes; yet youth, the more it is waſted, the ſooner it weares: thou art my ſonne, I haue partly thy mothers word, partly my opinion; but chiefly, a villanous tricke of thine eye, and a fooliſh hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be ſonne to me, heere lieth the poynt; why, being ſonne to me, art thou ſo pointed at: ſhall the bleſſed ſonne of heauen proue a micher, and eate Blackeberries? a queſtion not to be askt. Shall the ſonne of *England* proue a thiefe, and take purſes? a queſtion to be askt. There is a thing, *Harry*, which thou haſt often heard of, and it is knowne to many in our Land, by the name of Pitch; this Pitch (as ancient writers doe report) doth defile? ſo doth the company thou keepeſt: For *Harry*, now I doe not ſpeake to thee in drinke, but in teares, not in pleaſure, but in paſſion; not in words onely, but in woes alſo: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prince. What manner of man, and it like your Maieſtie?

Fal. A goodly portly man yfaith, and a corpulent, of a cheerfull look, a pleaſing eie, and a moſt noble cariage, and as I think, his age ſome fifty, or birlady, inclining to threeſcore, and now I remember me, his name is *Falſtaffe*: if that man ſhould be lewdly giuen, he deceiues me. For *Harry*, I ſee vertue in his lookes; if then the tree may be knowne by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then peremptorily I ſpeake it, there is vertue in that *Falſtaffe*, him keepe with, the reſt baniſh: and tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where haſt thou been this month?

Prince.

Prince. Doſt thou ſpeake like a King? doe thou ſtand for me, and Ile play my father.

Fal. Depoſe me, if thou doſt it halfe ſo gracely, ſo maieſtically both in word and matter, hang me vp by the heeles for a Rabbet-ſucker, or a *Poulters* hare.

Prince Well, heere I am ſet.

Falſ And heere I ſtand, iudge my maiſters.

Prince. Now *Harry*, whence come you?

Falſ. My noble Lord, from *Eaſtcheape*.

Prince. The complaints I heare of thee, are grieuous.

Falſ. Zbloud my Lord, they are falſe: nay, Ile tickle yee for a young *Prince* yfaith.

Prince. Swearеſt thou, vngracious boy? henceforth neare look on me, thou art violently carried away from grace, there is a Diuell haunts thee in the likeneſſe of a fat old man, a tunne of man is thy companion: why doſt thou conuerſe with that trunke of humors, that boulting-hutch of beaſtlineſſe, that ſwolne parcell of Dropſies, that huge bombard of Sacke, that ſtufft Cloke-bag of guttes, that roſted Manning tree Oxe with the pudding in his belly, that reuerent Vice, that gray Iniquitie, that father Ruffian, that vanity in yeares: wherein is he good, but to taſte Sacke and drinke it? wherein neate and cleanly, but to carue a Capon and eate it? wherein cunning, but in Craft? wherein craftie, but in Villanie? wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Falſ. I would your Grace would take mee with you: whom meanes your Grace?

Prince. That villanous abhominable miſleader of youth, *Falſtaffe*, that old white-bearded Sathan.

Fal. My Lord, the man I know. *Prin.* I know thou doſt.

Fal. But to ſay, I know more harme in him then in my ſelfe, were to ſay more then I know: that he is old (the more the pittie) his white haires do witneſſe it: but that he is (ſauing your reuerence) a whoremaſter, that I vtterly deny: if Sacke and Sugar be a fault, God helpe the wicked: if to be old and merry be a ſinne, then many an old Hoſt that I know, is damn'd: if to bee fatte, be to be hated, then *Pharaohs* leane kine are to be loued. No, my good Lord, baniſh *Peto*, baniſh *Bardol*, baniſh *Poines*; but